

# OH? HOW IS THAT FOR HIGH?

---

We all do love the pretty girls,  
We see them every day:  
And how, at first sight, fall in love,  
Whene'er they pass our way!  
A charming girl, this afternoon,  
I saw come tripping by;  
And as I looked, she winked at me:  
Oh! how is that for High?

Chorus — And it's oh, my! I love her so,  
And how I wish I was her beau!  
She's the prettiest little charmer in all this town  
And sweet sixteen so sly—  
When her I meet she smiles so sweet:  
Oh! how is that for High?

Her dress, it was in fashion cut,  
Looped up so gay and neat:  
And as she went to cross the way,  
I saw her pretty feet—  
By chance, she dropped her handkerchief:  
'Twas marked: L-U-C-Y;  
I picked it up, she thanked me then:  
Oh! how is that for High.

Chorus.—And it's oh, my! &c.

Of course, this little chance I took:  
We walked and talked awhile;  
She said her father he was rich,  
He lately had struck ile—  
As I exclaimed: "Will you be mine?"  
Her sweetheart he came by:  
"Walk off!" says he. "Oh, no," says she,  
Oh! how is that for High?

Chorus.—And it's oh, my! &c.